Spectacular Superfox

A deep silence fell. A whisper reached me. What if I fell? Forgetting the instructor's advice, I reached blindly for the first metal hand grip, and the next one, and the next. Soon, I was standing nervously on the swaying platform. "Well done!" the second instructor congratulated me.

Huge gusts of wind shook the little platform as if it was a tiny leaf. Relaxed, the instructor started clipping multiple ropes onto the safety harness, confusing me by clipping, unclipping and tying knots. Clutching the metal hoop, I gazed curiously out over the picturesque view of sparkling aqua rivers and fields, so green they looked like shattered emeralds. My knees were jelly. I was an everlasting pool of nerves but at the same time, a bubbling fountain of excitement. Slowly, my feet edged towards the deadly drop. I was a petrified climber crawling toward a precipice.

"Ready, steady. In your own time," he called. I stepped off. I hung in the air. I flew! Entranced, I stared at the constantly changing quilt of noisy forests and meadows. Cautiously, I glanced ahead to the rubber tyre waiting patiently to stop me from hitting the hard, cold pole. It was getting bigger by the second. "Arrggghhh!" I yelled. Terrified of crashing into the unforgiving pole, my eyes squeezed shut with fear. Waiting for the bone-crushing impact after an eternity ... I realised that I was moving backwards. I squinted out of one eye and decided that I was safe at last! I wish I could fly like a soaring eagle on the spectacular Superfox again!

By Tessa Bolland,

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